

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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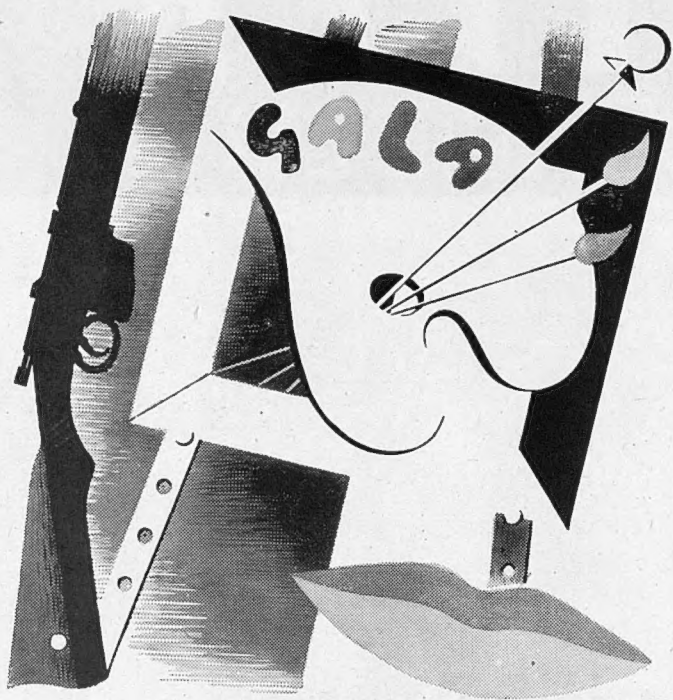
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LONDON

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Yevonde

Vicereine Of India: Viscountess Wavell

Like her husband, Lady Wavell is no stranger to India, where she had been living since her husband became C-in-C there early this year. In February she accompanied him on a tour of Ceylon, visiting military hospitals and welfare organisations, and is already familiar with all aspects of India's war effort. She stayed on in India for some time after Lord Wavell's appointment as Viceroy-designate, and followed him to England with her daughter, Felicity, last July. A few days after her arrival, Lady Wavell spoke at her first large Press conference, composed entirely of women, praising highly the work of the Indian Women's Army Corps, and of the excellent work they are doing. A daughter of the late Colonel Owen Quirk, C.B., D.S.O., Lady Wavell was married in 1915, and she and Lord Wavell have a son and three daughters, the youngest of whom married Captain the Hon. Simon Astley, Lord and Lady Hastings' younger son, last January in New Delhi



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Unusual

THE latest conference at Hitler's headquarters was unusual, to say the least of it. It was called by Field Marshal Keitel, as Chief of the Armed Forces of Germany, and not by Hitler. All the heads of the Army, Navy and Air Force Commands were present, as well as Chief Medical Officers and Quartermaster-generals. So were Nazi Party leaders. They were lectured on world strategy and internal policy. Afterwards Hitler received them and talked about the military and political situation, and an official communique was broadcast to the world that such a conference had been held.

This conference certainly coincided with what appears to be a military crisis for Germany on the Eastern Front, and it would be easy to read a lot into it. Probably that is what the Germans want us to do. It is most significant that Hitler, or those who now run the Reich, wanted the world to know that there had been a conference of this kind. For what purpose they wished it to be known can only be a matter of conjecture. But if there had been a grave crisis pending in Germany I very much doubt whether there would have been any announcement of this nature. To me the conference implies more craft than crack. The services and the Nazi Party were joined in the conference, as though they meant to stick together to avert crisis and not to create it.

Prospect

STRANGE omission from the announcement was any mention of Goebbels, Goering, Himmler or Ribbentrop, unless they are covered by the announcement that party leaders were present. Goering is said to have

taken a back seat in these recent months, and to be quite content to leave war problems to other Nazis, while Goebbels has worn out every propaganda trick and is a back number by compulsion rather than desire.

At the moment it is certain that the Nazis and the militarists in Germany are huddled together for self-protection. When the crack comes it may well be because one of them believes he has a chance of surviving as a greater hero than Hitler by saving Germany from the worst fate that has ever faced her. This is a role which might well appeal to an ambitious Nazi, or even a politically-minded soldier in Germany. There is a limit to what the German people can endure through aerial bombardment, military reverses and Nazi oppression. But there's no limit to human ambition. Hitler has proved that.

Barbarians

WAR correspondents have been giving us some interesting descriptions of the youth of Germany who have grown up under the Nazi regime. These are boys of sixteen and seventeen, who are now fighting in Italy, and were boys when Hitler came to power. They are said to be vicious, detestable, barbaric, and loutish. Most significant comment of all is that they are not good soldiers. Trained in the Nazi cult, they shout hysterically and harangue the interrogating officers as if they were all Hitlers, and boast about their brutalities.

This is not a pretty prospect for the future, for all these young men have imbibed the heady nonsense of Nazism at such a tender age that their cure is doubtful. They have been taught to believe in revenge like gangsters. Their

only inspiration is force. They will become the Untouchables of Europe. For they have no god but Hitler.

Warning

FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS provided much food for thought in his first public speech in this country when he spoke at the Guildhall in the City of London. He warned us of the certainty of human chaos if the war were not ended quickly. I remember how more than a year ago Sir Samuel Hoare, back from Madrid, issued the same warning. People in occupied countries will lose hope if help does not come to them soon. They will relax their mental resistance to their oppressors and philosophically resign themselves to making the best of a bad world. This is a real danger.

To preserve the possibility of a return to normal life in Europe is, as Field Marshal Smuts asserted, the most important factor facing us now. Hitler knows he cannot have victory by feat of arms now, but by gaining time he hopes for another kind of victory. The triumph of chaos in which all the insidiousness of Nazism can work to save him and his friends from the punishment they have earned.

Prospects

THE Russians are driving the Germans before them and—by all present signs—towards real disaster on the Southern Front. Unless the Germans have a stout defence line to fall back upon, there is nothing to save them. It is doubtful if the German Sixth Army on the Melitopol front can escape being trapped whatever happens. Weather conditions have not helped the Germans by hindering the Russians as much as they hoped.

This progress by the Russians reinforces Field Marshal Smuts's note of urgency. He forecast further advances in Southern and South-Eastern Europe by British and American forces this winter, in readiness for the grand assault on Hitler's inner fortress next year. Field Marshal Smuts is not given to overstatement, or to wrong emphasis, and therefore it is possible to read quite a lot into his remarks, as it is into his very presence in our midst at this time.

Fantastic

IN face of these facts it is very difficult not to become impatient with the antics of the five senators of America who have been watching the world in travail and then return home to



A Royal Visit to Edinburgh

King Haakon of Norway went to Edinburgh to attend the seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of Norwegian seamen's churches in Great Britain. He inspected units in Scottish Command and is seen here (right) talking to Lieut.-General Sir Andrew Thorne, G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command. Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Hall is in the centre



The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg and Her Husband

The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg arrived in England from Canada a short time ago, accompanied by the Foreign Minister of Luxembourg. She and her husband, Prince Felix of Bourbon-Parma, with whom she is seen here, first came to this country in 1941. Her two eldest daughters are to follow their mother to England from Canada

instead of uniforms and gorgeous robes. Obviously the Viceroy's Palace is going to see more hard work than entertaining, for Lord Wavell knows the task that is ahead of him. India has to be freed from the threat of war, but also secured from famine and faction. No Viceroy ever faced such a stiff task.

Freed

ON the morrow of their reverse in Tunisia, the Germans sought to open negotiations for the exchange of war prisoners. Since then the Swiss Government have used their best offices to achieve an agreement by which several thousand men are now back in their homes. The change in the attitude of the Nazi Government towards this matter may be significant, for it coincides with reports that British prisoners are now being treated better in Germany than at any time since the war started. In some German camps prisoners are now receiving beer, which is a welcome change for our men.

H.M. Queen Mary at a R.A.F. Headquarters Somewhere in the West

W. Dennis Moss

Front row: W/O. the Hon. M. Forbes-Sempill, A/Cdre. E. J. Kingston-McCloughry, A/Cdre. J. R. Cassidy, Mrs. Cassidy, Air Vice-Marshal V. H. Tait, C.B., O.B.E., H.M. Queen Mary, Brig.-Gen. F. O'D. Hunter, A/Cdre. H. M. Probyn, C.B.E., D.S.O., A/Cdre. F. G. Waite, G/Capt. H. H. Chapman, W/O. L. M. Turner. Middle row: G/Capt. R. Menzies, G/Capt. S. L. Quine, M.C., G/Capt. G. H. Huxham, W/Cdr. L. H. Stewart, G/Capt. J. A. Elliott, W/Cdr. B. H. N. H. Hamilton, D.S.O., W/Cdr. W. A. E. Featherstone, W/Cdr. R. R. Fairweather, W/Cdr. M. C. W. C. Flint, M.C., W/Cdr. J. D'I. Rear. Back row: S/Ldr. N. Lloyd, W/Cdr. A. H. Beach, O.B.E., W/Cdr. H. P. Johnston, G/Capt. F. G. Woolliams, W/Cdr. W. Kidd, O.B.E., W/Cdr. K. I. Goodman, W/Cdr. J. R. Maling, A.F.C., S/Ldr. J. R. Butler

create "a damn nuisance" as President Roosevelt rightly said. Now all the smoke has cleared away, it is possible to assess what all their chatter has been about. Instead of being proud of the part their countrymen are playing on so many fronts of the world, they are copping instead of constructive. They want to hum President Roosevelt and not help him. Politics appear to mean more to them than finding an early peace for a world at war.

It will be a long time—though doubtless we shall have many more lessons in the months ahead—before people in this country will be able to appreciate the politics of the United States. None will doubt the vitality which dominates men and policies, although their objects may oftentimes appear somewhat obscure. Our system, which enables the life of a Parliament to be renewed year by year without a general election, may have caused us to run into a rut. When the war is over—and victory is the paramount political aim of almost all

our politicians—the Prime Minister has prophesied plenty of political fighting. But the Americans insist on running the risk of swapping horses in midstream because it is the democratic thing to do.

Austerity

FIELD MARSHAL LORD WAVELL has set the course of his Viceroyship. While the war lasts he will practise austerity in all his official functions. There will be a minimum of display, and none of the pomp and glitter which normally characterise his office. This is typical of the man. He is modest and retiring by nature. So is Lady Wavell.

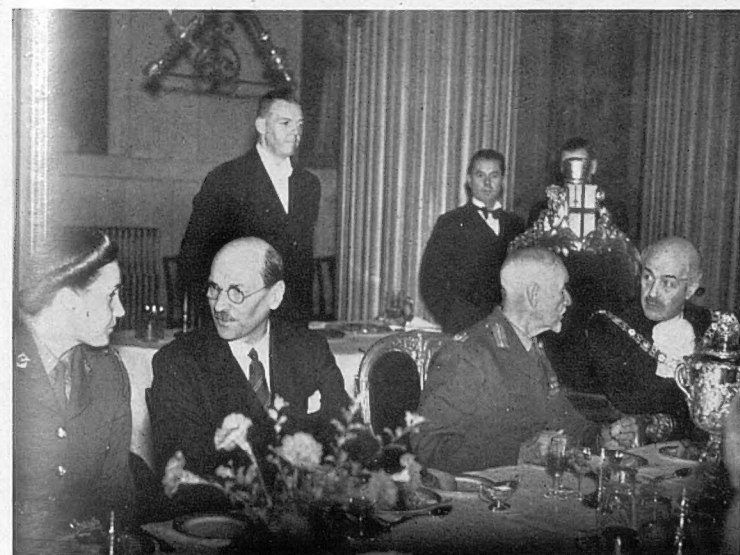
They created precedent by arriving in India by aeroplane, instead of by ship. Lord Wavell did not call at Bombay to be sworn-in as all his predecessors have done. He flew straight to New Delhi, where the only outward sign of his assumption of office was the firing of a thirty-one gun salute. Lounge suits were worn



Johnson, Oxford

A Queen at Oxford

Queen Marie of Yugoslavia opened the Yugoslav exhibition held in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. She was accompanied by Sir David Ross, who was recently re-elected Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University



The Lord Mayor of London Entertains General Smuts at the Mansion House

Lieut. Kathleen de Villiers sat next to Mr. Attlee, the Deputy Prime Minister. She is the adopted daughter of General Smuts, who is seen in conversation with his host, Sir Samuel Joseph, the Lord Mayor. Lieut. de Villiers came to Britain in September to study the W.A.A.F. organisation in this country



At the luncheon were Sir Pierre van Ryneveld, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, and Mr. Montagu Norman. Admiral Cunningham was appointed First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff three weeks ago; Sir Pierre van Ryneveld is Chief of the South African General Staff

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Let's go Highbrow

By James Agate

AND now, my chickabiddies, let's go highbrow. Here is the Great Eisenstein in a book called *The Film Sense*. Let me remind readers, who may possibly have forgotten, that Sergei M. Eisenstein was the internationally-known creator of *Potemkin*, *Ten Days That Shook the World* and *Alexander Nevsky*. Reading this book has made me feel as though somebody with a genius for torture had stood me on my head for six hours in the middle of the Sahara Desert under a blazing sun with a Catherine wheel tied to each foot.

EISENSTEIN begins by quoting from somebody even more abstruse, one Zhirmunsky:—

Any non-coincidence of the syntactic articulation with the metrical is an artistic deliberate dissonance, which reaches its resolution at the point where, after a series of non-coincidences, the syntactic pause at last coincides with the bounds of the rhythmic series.

Then there is Mr. Lanz who informs us:—
... strictly speaking, one does not "hear" a melody. We are able or unable to follow it, which means that we either have or have not the ability to organise the tones into a higher unity. . . .

And here is our old friend Lafcadio Hearn, who says:—

The public can't be supposed to know that you think the letter A is blush-crimson, and the letter E pale sky-blue. They can't be supposed to know that you think KH wears a beard and a turban; that initial N is a mature Greek with wrinkles. . . .

Then Mons. René Guilleré, who writes:—

Antique perspective presented us with geometrical concepts of objects—as they could be

seen only by an ideal eye. Our perspective shows us objects as we see them with both eyes—gropingly. We no longer construct the visual world with an acute angle, converging on the horizon. We open up this angle, pulling representation against us, upon us, toward us. . . . We take part in the world. That is why we are not afraid to use close-ups. . . .

AND here is a passage from a novel by Pavlenko:—

And, you know, I wrote and wrote, I listened and made notes, compared, collated. One day the old man was playing something great, inspired, joyous, encouraging, and I guessed at once what it connoted: it meant rapture. He finished the piece and threw me a note. It appeared that he had been playing Saint-Saens' *Danse Macabre*, a theme of terror and horror. And I realised three things: first, that my colonel didn't understand a thing about music, second, that he was as stupid as a cork, and third, that only by smithing does one become a smith.

But perhaps, my ducklings, you have had enough of quotations and would like to hear a passage of pure Eisenstein:—

Let us speak of the solution to the question of correspondence in silent montage. Here the effect comes not from the simple sequence of the film strips, but from their actual *simultaneity*, resulting from the impression derived from one strip being mentally superimposed over the following strip. The technique of "double-exposure," has merely materialised this basic phenomenon of cinematic perception. We shall see that a similar superimposition occurs even at the *highest stage* of montage development—audio-visual montage. The "double-exposed" image is just as inherently characteristic of audio-visual montage as it is for all other cinematic phenomena.

Have you ever thought, my poppets, what you let yourselves in for when you go to the pictures? In the meantime I could wish that somebody would revive the three Russian films named above. What is behind their making I shall leave to those esoteric ladies with whom this humble scribe would not dream of competing.

The title of 20th-Century Fox's new film *Holy Matrimony* (Tivoli), "from the novel of Arnold Bennett," gave me no enlightenment as to which novel, until the curtains parted and the familiar spectacle of the famous painter pretending to be his valet, marrying a worthy woman of the valet class, being confronted later with the valet's own wife and the valet's three large and minatory sons—plus the contretemps, misunderstandings, complications and explanations inherent in such a Gilbertian story—revealed itself as our old friend *Buried Alive*, later to be made into that obstinate theatrical success called *The Great Adventure* with which the memory of Henry Ainley will be forever associated.

A PLEASANT hour and a half, and very well produced and acted. Monty Woolley as the painter dots every i and crosses every t as is his wont; and, as ever, his diction is perfect, and he wears his beard as if he were used to it—as if he liked it, in fact. I thought Gracie Fields rather squandered on the colourless part of the worthy wife, speaking in this film a nondescript English, neither cockney, provincial nor King's. Why could not the producer have persuaded Gracie to give us the part in her incomparable native Lancashire? Laird Cregar produces another of his polished performances, Una O'Connor is pathetically funny, and Alan Mowbray and George Zucco are full of zest. The film is excellent "period," and the dresses are a sheer delight. Which set me pondering—will the whirligig of time bring a revival of those rich superbly turned-out frocks, those noble patrician hats? No. And for the reason that the little besoms of to-day wouldn't know how to carry them off. Anything not absurd would look absurd perched on that uniform, ridiculous vacuity.



Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley in "Holy Matrimony," adapted from Arnold Bennett's novel

"Holy Matrimony" is the story of a publicity-shy painter (Monty Woolley) who, in seeking to escape the tedious life of a celebrity, assumes the name—and life—of his dead valet. With his new responsibilities he takes on Alice Challice (Gracie Fields) whom his valet had contracted to marry. The discovery of the deception, the notoriety that follows, the court case which finally decides the true identity of the would-be valet, and the final happy ending in a jungle retreat make up the film which is reviewed by James Agate above and is now showing at the Tivoli. (Left: Una O'Connor as the valet's deserted wife, Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley; right: Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields, and Laird Cregar who plays the art dealer, Clive Oxford)

"The Sky's The Limit"

Fred Astaire's Latest Picture

With Eighteen-Year-Old Joan Leslie (His New Partner) Astaire is at His Brilliant Best at the Odeon, Leicester Square (Opening Oct. 29)



Astaire, supposedly drunk, produces a new routine in "Little Man, What Now?" He has lost his girl, he is on a binge, he is dancing on every bar in town—including a 30-foot one



A New Number Against a Skyscraper Backcloth



Office Hours Find Joan at a Fashion Writer's Desk



"We've Got a Lot in Common"—and They Certainly Have!

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Acacia Avenue (Vaudeville)

SOMEDAY the happy breeds of Balham, Tooting, and the lands beyond the five-mile radius will rise in revolt, not against their conditions, but against flippant exposure on the stage. The tocsin will be sounded on Shooters Hill, the standard raised on Clapham Common, Wandsworth will embody its militia, Blackheath raise levies, and storm troops muster at Peckham Rye. This avenging crusade, led by generals from the kitchen, and shouting "Up, the Aspidistras!" will storm the West End, teach St. Martin's Lane to mind its P's, and scatter the Shaftesbury Avenue queues. Someday—but not just yet, judging by the laughter evoked by these scenes from life in Acacia Avenue, drawn by Mabel and Denis Constanduros who, with Noel Coward, might be described as the quislings of suburbia. And who could blame them?

May father, home from the office, not take his shirt-sleeved ease, or mother punctuate her post-prandial darning with homely platitudes, without being laughed at in the act? Cannot Jack and Muriel, like other turtle doves, bill and coo without Peeping Toms in every stall? Must Blenheim Castle, S.W. 99 (or S.E. 52, as the case may be) lower its drawbridge to every upper-circle snooper, pit prop, and gallery



The Robinsons' next-door neighbours (Doris Rogers and Alfred Farrell) pop in at most inconvenient times. They surprise Mr. Robinson who is busy looking for the shoes already on his feet

chi-iker who chooses to drop in? In short: is the Englishman's home only nominally his castle?

THIS rhetorical questionnaire is addressed, not so much to particular as to general invaders of Acacia Avenue, and on behalf of the harmless necessary natives. Not that Mr. Robinson himself (whom Mr. Gordon Harker so heroically substantiates) would have been likely to resent a spot of kindly limelight. After all, he had cause for pride. A pleasure cruise to the Aegean with his wife was no everyday event in his blameless life. Besides, had he not bought, and was he not trying out, so smart a sea-going kit that a well-meaning stranger or two would probably not have been de trop at this sartorial private view? Well-meaning strangers, yes; but not such egregious quizzers as filled the Vaudeville with laughter that, while friendly enough, seemed somehow less with him than against him.

Like Shylock, Mr. Robinson had a daughter, Joan, the apple of his eye; and she, like Jessica, and for a similar reason, walked out



The local floosie (Miki Hood) does not approve of the friendly conversations between Peter Robinson (Rhoderick Walker) and the Robinsons' maid, Shirley (Megs Jenkins)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Right. Picnicking on the drawing-room carpet may be all the fun in the world to Joan Robinson but to her fiancé Michael Carraway it is a different proposition (Yvonne Owen, Hubert Gregg)



Mrs. Robinson is delighted when her husband professes his preference for unintelligent wives (Dorothy Hamilton, Gordon Harker)

on him. Just when father was arrayed in all his boat-deck glory, and the neighbours were enviously astounded, Joan came back from her office with marvellous news—marvellous to her, that is, but not to father. She had just become engaged to young Michael Carraway, and so could not go cruising with father tomorrow. Instead of feasting rapt eyes on the isles of Greece in his doting company, she would stay at home and keep an eye on Michael. This was prudent, no doubt, but hardly filial, seeing how dearly both father and mother had counted on her company.

Peter, their only son, could not take Joan's place at this last minute, for he had a prior, week-end date with Estelle, a hard, bright, twenty-carat gold-digger. It was all too sad, seeing how much had been said about the cruise to the neighbours. Besides, the thirty-guinea passages were irrevocably booked, and even the picture-postcards had been methodically written and addressed beforehand, ready for posting in Athens and other famed ports of call.

IT was mother, as usual, who saw that even this black cloud had a silver lining. Repressing her own relief, she tactfully reminded father that Bognor, where they had so often been happy, was still Bognor, and that losses were made to be cut. This is where the plot came into its own. Without so much as a whisper to any one else, father and mother slipped off, not to foreign seas, but to their own dear seaside. Thus the younger generation, making antic hay in their absence, were caught variously on the hop by the parental return, at dead of night, a day earlier than they were expected.

Here, too, modern manners and more ancient comedy customs combine to pep up a play that, like its characters, is unaffectedly homely; and Acacia Avenue falls into theatrical line with less conventional, one might almost say bohemian, schools of manners. It is all pretty slick, and all fairly funny. The Constanduros touch, which is in evidence throughout, is perhaps most successfully applied to the open-hearted, close-vowelled cockney maid acted by Miss Megs Jenkins with a freedom and feeling that enlarge rather than parody life. Miss Dorothy Hamilton does unselfish justice to Mrs. Robinson, and Mr. Robinson, the aspidistran paterfamilias so triumphantly sponsored by Mr. Gordon Harker, is as imperturbably natural as his Swiss Family namesake was not.

Photographs by
Swaebe



"The Basket," near Godalming, is a 17th-Century Cottage

The Dwight Whitneys at Their Country Cottage

British-Born Adrienne Allen and Her American
Husband Spend Week-Ends in Surrey

Major and Mrs. William Dwight Whitney have a lovely seventeenth-century cottage near Godalming, in Surrey, where they spend off-duty hours with the two children of Mrs. Whitney's earlier marriage to actor Raymond Massey. The cottage is known as "The Basket," and has a small annexe, appropriately called "Little Basket," where the children play and where there is extra sleeping accommodation for the guest overflow. The Dwight Whitneys were married in 1939. Major Whitney is a New York lawyer and has been called to the Bar in this country. He served with the R.F.C. in the last war and with the Scots Guards in this. Now he is concentrating on liaison work between London and Washington. Mrs. Whitney is well known to theatre-lovers both in this country and in America. At the moment she is appearing in Terence Rattigan's play of the R.A.F., *Flare Path*, at the Apollo Theatre



A Vine Covers the Annexe Known as "Little Basket"



Anna Gives Her Mother a Ride



The family party at the garden gate include Daniel and Anna Massey (the two children of Miss Allen's earlier marriage to Mr. Raymond Massey) and Major and Mrs. William Dwight Whitney

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The A.T.S. on Parade

CONTROLLER-COMMANDANT H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL got back to London from her Isle of Man flying visit—literally so, for it was her first trip by air—just in time to take her place at the side of the Queen when the Commandant-in-Chief took the salute at the fifth anniversary march-past of the girls in khaki. The Princess had been staying at Government House with the Lieutenant-Governor and Countess Granville, who is her Majesty's sister. Her slim, upright figure and fair hair are set off to perfection by her khaki uniform with its red tabs and cap band; on her shoulder-straps she wears the crossed swords and star which denote her rank—the equivalent of a major-general. The girls made a great impression on all who saw the march-past. Their perfect unison and almost faultless saluting drill called forth the most sincere compliments from Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur Smith, G.O.C. the London Command, and his staff officers after the parade, and the Princess Royal, who has followed the fortunes of the Women's Army Auxiliary so closely since its inception, and worked so very hard and unremittingly for its benefit, was obviously delighted.

One Guards officer, a veteran of these ceremonial occasions, said that he had rarely seen better marching even by the Brigade, and then revealed part of the secret—the girls had put in two days' final and very strenuous training under N.C.O.s of the Scots Guards.

Sixty Years of Youth

THE KING, the Queen and Princess Elizabeth attended the diamond jubilee parade of the Boys' Brigade, which took place in the grounds of Windsor Castle. Treasurer of the Brigade is the Duke of Hamilton—still, perhaps, better known as the Boxing Marquess, a title dating from the days when, as the Marquess of Clydesdale, he won fame in the boxing-ring. Instead of the dark blue of the Brigade, the Duke was wearing the lighter uniform of the R.A.F., in which he holds the rank of Group Captain. His connection with the R.A.F. dates back to long before the war, for he was one of that all-too-small band of air-minded young men who gave up their week-ends to teaching others how to fly, and helped thereby to lay the foundations of success in the Battle of Britain. To-day,

at forty, he is as keen as ever on the air, and flies his own plane whenever he gets the chance with the same eager skill that he showed ten years ago as chief air pilot with the Mount Everest Flight Expedition, an exploit that won him the Air Force Cross. As the fourteenth Duke of Hamilton, he is the Premier Peer of Scotland and Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Holyroodhouse. He sits in the House of Lords as the Duke of Brandon, and his family claim two other peerages—the Earldom of Selkirk and the French dukedom of Chatelherault.



Christmas Shoppers

Lady Throckmorton took her two children, Charles and Joanna, on an early shopping expedition not long ago. Joanna had a useful-looking bag to put her purchases in



M.P. for St. Albans

P/O. the Hon. John Grimston, R.A.F., son of the Earl of Verulam, is seen with his wife, after taking his seat as Conservative M.P. for St. Albans. He was returned unopposed

Matinee for Y.W.C.A. Wartime Funds

A SPECIAL matinee performance of *A Quiet Week-End* at Wyndham's Theatre, in aid of the Y.W.C.A. Wartime Funds, brought the Duchess of Gloucester to London on one of her rare visits. The Duchess's uniform as Air Commandant of the W.A.A.F. is very becoming, and she was an outstanding figure as she stood rigidly to attention with her brown-gloved right hand at the salute during the playing of the National Anthem. Two boxes were thrown into one for the royal party. Mrs. Churchill was there, her grey hair wrapped around with one of the scarfs she is so fond of; the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson was in attendance on the Duchess; Lady Helen Graham was there; and the Mayor of Westminster, who was wearing his chain of office. Lady Hamond-Graeme, who had worked so successfully in selling tickets with her committee, came down from her box—where her husband, Lady Hague and the Hon. Audrey Paget were sitting with her—to thank the programme-sellers. The theatre was quite full. I saw Sir Joseph Addison there; Lady



Lady Willa Elliot, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto, was entertaining an American guest, Capt. A. Clark, at her sister, Lady Bridget Elliot's party



Dining Out in London: Six People at the Bagatelle

W/Cdr. Jack Charles, D.F.C. and Bar, was a Canadian member of the dinner party, and is seen here with his hostess, Lady Bridget Elliot, at the Bagatelle



Capt. Viscount Bury and his wife were dining together. He is the Earl of Almarle's eldest son, and married the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry

Swabe



Sarah Victoria Stockdale Christened in London

The baby daughter of Lt.-Col. Frank Alleyne Stockdale, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and Mrs. Stockdale, was christened at St. Marylebone Church. Above are, in front: Sir FitzRoy Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stockdale and the baby, Mrs. R. S. Trelawny and Mrs. Robin Montgomery-Charrington. Behind: Lord Luke, Major Eustace Robb and S/Ldr. M. Stockdale



Country Christening

Swazhe

Patricia Ann, baby daughter of Capt. and Mrs. William E. Heinemann, was christened at Tidebrook Church, Wadhurst, Mrs. Heinemann was Miss Mollie Sullivan before her marriage in 1940

Willingdon with the Archduke Robert of Austria; Lady Newall with Mrs. Soames; Lady Tollemache with Mrs. Lionel Abel Smith, the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope Tollemache and Lady Headfort.

Grandson for the Earl of Albemarle?

THE Bury nurseries are soon to have another occupant, and the family are hoping it will prove to be a boy. I met Lady Bury, who is the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, and who married the Earl of Albemarle's eldest son in 1940, walking along the edge of the park the other day on her way to Londonderry House. She was looking very well and is happy at the prospect of another baby in the house. "Her little daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Keppel, is staying at the beautiful Irish home of her grandparents in County Down. She is not yet two, so too young at the moment to appreciate the Mairi Garden there, which has a beautifully sculptured bronze figure of her mother, as Lady Mairi Stewart aged four, as the centre-piece of a fountain, around the edge of which are the words: "Mairi, Mairi, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?"

Lord and Lady Londonderry spend most of their time these days at their Irish home when not travelling to and from England in connection with their various war-work interests. When they are in London they use the flat they have contrived for themselves on the top floor of Londonderry House. There, too, Lady Margaret Stewart does her work as a journalist attached to the U.S. Army; she sends a number of articles to Australian newspapers from there.

Scots-Irish Service Wedding

SCOTLAND and Ireland, the Army and the Navy were united for the wedding of Miss Mary Gordon-Finlayson to Lt. W. Boyle, R.N.V.R. The bride comes of a Scottish family of soldiers, her father being General Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson, while the bridegroom is a nephew of Admiral Lord Cork and Orrery. The wedding was at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, and after the ceremony Lady Gordon-Finlayson held a reception at 4, Grosvenor Place, where a war-time cake was cut by the groom's sword—after the protective grease had been hastily removed by a rub down with a handkerchief. General Sir Robert Carrington, who has known the bride all her life, proposed the toast, and Lt. Boyle, in replying—which he did particularly well—thanked everyone for coming, specially the many hitherto unknown friends, whom he hoped to know better in the future. As the bride is in

the W.R.N.S., there were many dark-blue uniforms at the reception, and the khaki and navy made an ideal background for the gleaming white satin of the bride's dress, with its very beautiful old lace veil which was lent by the groom's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Boyle.

Racing Shuts Down for the Winter

RACING in the southern area had a brilliant finish at Windsor. There was a record attendance, crowds queuing to get in long before the gates opened, and there were very big fields for eight of the nine races. Excitement was intense, everybody concentrating on their



Lt. and Mrs. J. W. Boyle

Lt. John William Boyle, R.N.V.R., son of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Boyle, married Miss Mary L. Gordon-Finlayson, daughter of Gen. Sir Robert and Lady Gordon-Finlayson, at Holy Trinity, Sloane St.



Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Conway

F/O. Dominick John Conway, M.B., B.Chir., R.A.F., son of the late James Conway and Mrs. Conway, of Southern Rhodesia, married Rosamund Elizabeth Lees, daughter of Col. Sir John and Lady Lees, at St. James's, Spanish Place

last chance to get "the winter's keep." The chief attraction of the day was the eagerly awaited duel between the backer's friend, Sugar Palm, and Linklater, twice a winner of the Nunthorpe Stakes. To the dismay of the crowd, as soon as they entered the straight it was obvious that Sugar Palm's position was hopeless, shut in behind Linklater and the third runner, Mehrli, who fought out the finish desperately, Linklater winning by a short head. However, apart from this disappointment, the racing was excellent and there were some very fine finishes.

(Concluded on page 120)

Racing Carries On

No. 2. A Morning with Lord Derby's Horses at Stanley House Stables, Newmarket



The brains of the stable and stud farm : Walter Earl and Col. Adrian Scrope discuss the progress of the yearlings



Close the Ranks! Mr. Walter Earl is on the Extreme Left



Walter Earl is justifiably proud of the achievements of Herringbone, winner of the 1000 Guineas and the St. Leger. She is a grand type of mare and will be a valuable addition to Lord Derby's stud



Walter Earl Gives Personal Attention to Stoneyhurst



Mrs. Langley Takes Her Turn at Lunging the Yearlings



Coming Home Through the Morning Mist

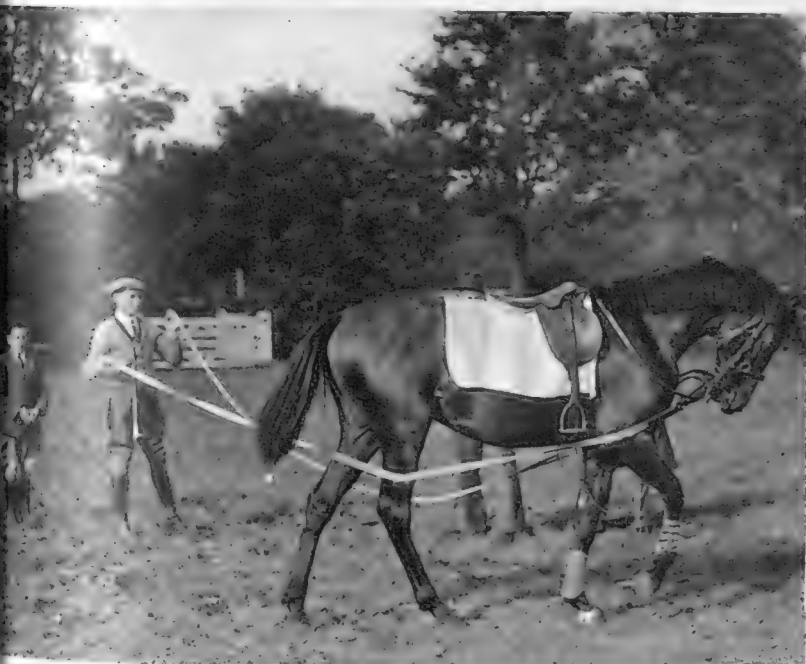
Lord Derby, whose public spirit and untiring work in the service of this country has earned him a unique place in the heart of the nation, has always shared his family's traditional love of racing. When this war came he was one of the owners who did much to stabilise the position of the industry. Lady Derby is also a great lover of racing and a very sound judge of a horse. It has been said that when she takes a fancy to a yearling it rarely turns out to be a bad one. Their granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, takes a great interest in the running and management of the horses at Stanley House, and often rides out with the string. Walter Earl has had a brilliant record since 1939, when he started to train for Lord Derby, having won the Derby with Watling Street and both the 1000 Guineas and the St. Leger with Herringbone. He is very fortunate in having the help of such a capable horsewoman as his daughter, Mrs. Langley. Col. Adrian Scrope, who manages the stud, must also be very proud of his share in the triumphs. There can be few more knowledgeable men in the bloodstock world; he learnt all about the job at Sledmere from the great Henry Cholmondeley. His wife is a sister of Sir Richard Sykes, and they have six children



Some of these names have thrilled the world: Sansovino, winner of the Derby; Selene, winner of many races and dam of Hyperion; Colorado, winner of the 2000 Guineas. Every race won by horses belonging to Lord Derby is recorded with full particulars in the stable archway



Mrs. Langley Rides Roanoke, Winner of Twelve Races



Savile Row, Yearling Half-Brother to Herringbone, By Fairway



Attention to detail is essential in order to break yearlings successfully. Walter Earl about to adjust the tack on Smug, a beautiful colt by Bobsleigh—Complacent. Mrs. Adrian Scrope is seen walking away in the background

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

As in World War I., our kinsmen the hairy, dark, and redoubtable Welch are kicking about the vogue of the Scots, their bagpipes, and their kilts, "which have led the public to exaggerate the virtues of Scottish soldiers and largely disregard those of the other nations," as a glowering Cymric Celt, or Brython, wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* the other day.

It's chiefly the pipes (though common to all wild hill tribes in the world) which get the music-loving Cymry on the raw, we guess. Faced by any major problem or crisis, spiritual, economic, erotic, or sportive, the Welch burst instantly with first-class voices into fifth-class song. They also blow very capably through tubes of brass and German silver, and their performance on the harmonium is highly praised by connoisseurs of that instrument, we believe. None of this musical expression has the publicity-value of the pipes, Scots or Irish, simply because none of it has been properly exploited. Having served in an old and famous Welch regiment plastered with battle-honours we still think the processional goat is not enough.

Reform

WE beg to propose to the War Office therefore the following order of route-march for all Welch regiments of the Line, the Guards being of course sacred:

1. The Regimental Goat, crowned with flowers, and the Goat-Serjeant.
2. The Male-Voice Section, under a crowned Bard.
3. The Harmonium Section, with portable Mark IV. harmoniums.
4. The Druid Section, carrying sickles and wicker baskets.
5. A Mrs. Jones.
6. A Silver Prize Eisteddfod Band.
7. The Colours.
8. The Colonel, etc.

St. David's Day ceremonial would involve sacrificing Mrs. Jones by fire under a mistletoe-tree and sacrificing the goat to the gods of the Cymry, or Lloyd George, or Bacchus, as the Colonel directs. In battle the troops, exhorted by the Druids, would be played into action by the Harmonium Section (the Mark IV. Self-Charger Harmonium is about the size of an accordion, slung across the chest from the braces). The kilt question needn't worry the Cymry at all. Somebody should tell them the kilt, like the Druid stuff, is quite bogus.

Publicity-value, 95 per cent.

Art

INSTRUCTING the modern girl in the lost art of walking, which she may need after the war, an authority has been urging her to practise carrying something heavy on



GEORGE C. NASH

"Another bottle, Emma, and he'll be airborne"

her head—a very ancient device. In the East that exquisite goddess-gait is due to balancing waterpots. In 18th-century England modish girls carried a few folio volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* an hour every day on their dainty noggins. It did their brains no harm.

There's a daily object-lesson in the art of walking to be found to-day down in Billingsgate. The swaying grace of the fish-porters is due entirely, a chap tells us, to that heavy pile of boxes they carry on those curious leather hats (said to be a survival of the bowmen's hats at Agincourt). When a Billingsgate porter's neck is "set" he can carry half a hundredweight of fish with ease, and with what charm! What elegance! What noblesse! What diablerie! What je ne-sais-quoi! Yet those boys can knock a bus over with one punch, like their opposite numbers in Paris, the *forts* of the Halles.

Lorelei

REPORTS that Marie Corelli's house and furniture at Stratford-upon-Avon are to be sold by auction, including the famous gondola she imported (with gondolier) from Venice, will make many a P.E.N. Club heart ache, we dare guess.

Few booksy girls have ever put tripe across the Island Race with such aplomb and zing as La Corelli, the Frou-Frou Queen, the first and only glamour-girl in the fiction business. Nowadays booksy girls just as colourful and illiterate fail to ring the bell like La Corelli, and why? Trip with us behind the scenes and listen to a big tough publisher putting a nervous new girlish "find" through the hoop:

"All right. Now what I want is your Press publicity-angle. Stand over there. I'm 'Mr. Gabble' of the *Daily Snoop* and you're luring me. Go on, lure me! . . . Oh, my God!"

"My Mums wouldn't like it the awful way you speak—Oo-oooh! You're hurting my arm!"

"Your Mums hasn't got to sell you to the blasted public, you little fool. Now listen. Look at me sideways under your lashes as if I was Agate or MacCarthy or somebody. Right? . . . Oh, my God!"

"I wasn't brought up fast and I can't behave like I was fast, and my old Dad a J.P. and all. Boo-hoo!"

"Stop that snivelling. I'll have to put you over with a toy Aberdeen or your old mother or some truck-like that, I see. . . . All right. Studio at 5."

Sometimes, of course, the publisher picks a tough baby unbeknownst, which explains

(Concluded on page 110)



Peter Brown

"And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer by"

Family Album Portraits



Lady Hall and John

Marcus Adams

Lady Hall is the wife of Lt.-Col. Sir Douglas Hall, D.S.O., formerly of the Coldstream Guards, and at present commanding a Zone of the Home Guards in Argyll. John is their only child. Lady Hall is the daughter of the late Mr. John Edward Mellor. She is a member of the W.V.S., a good golfer and a keen angler.



Annie Brophy, Waterford

Mrs. H. J. Delmege and the Twins

Mrs. Delmege, the former Miss Elfrida Keane, is the wife of Major Hugh Jocelyn Delmege, well known as an amateur rider, and at present serving in the Middle East. Her twin daughters, Clare and Stella, were born in 1940.



Marcus Adams

The Viscountess Weymouth and Her Family

Lord and Lady Weymouth have four children, Carolyne, Alexander, Christopher and Valentine. They live in Wiltshire where Lady Weymouth runs her own farm, Sturford Mead, Warminster, on the Longleat estate, specialising in Wiltshire cows. Lord Weymouth, who is the son and heir of the Marquess of Bath, is a major in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, and has been serving overseas for over three years. He was formerly M.P. for the Frome Division of Somerset.



Pearl Freeman

Captain and Mrs. Peter Hope and Nichola Ann

Capt. and Mrs. Peter Hope's little daughter was three months old when this photograph was taken last month. Capt. Hope is in the Welsh Guards and is a godson of the King. He is the only son of Major R. H. W. Hope, O.B.E., M.C. Mrs. Hope is the fourth daughter of the late Mr. Vincent C. Vickers, at one time a director of Vickers, Ltd. She is a step-sister of the Countess Cawdor.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

the rich, black eyes publishers often have. Keep this under your hat.

Omen

AUNTIE *Times's* Istanbul Correspondent reported the other day that "people in Bulgaria have been startled to see that Prince Cyril has grown a beard, which gives him a great resemblance to his father, King Ferdinand."

We don't think the Bulgarians, the toughest race in the Balkans, are startled, we think they're just sick at heart. We think they think Prince Cyril is starting a Brains Trust in Sofia, like his British namesake. Maybe he's been practising the old giggle already. The Bulgarians have two traditional hobbies, massacring Greeks and distilling attar-of-roses, and we guess a Brains Trust would just about take the pleasure out of both.

"Now here's a question from Mrs. O. Gotsuchakoff: 'Why does a chicken cross the road?' ... Huxleivich?"

"Well, surely a simple process, explained by natural selection. The peculiar formation of the sternix is epicyclic, showing that the original paralipsis major was tripod."

"... your Royal Highness?"

"Well—er—tee-hee—I should say the chicken wants—er—tee-hee—to—er—get to the other side, tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, hahahahaha, haha! Oh, I say, hahaha, ha, ha!"

"Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee!" (Convulsed general mirth.)

"Well—er—I think Mrs. Gotsuchakoff is—er—answered, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Now here's a question from Miss Neveritch ... (etc., etc.)."

The average Bulgarian *comitadji* on the rampage in Macedonia takes one clean slash from ear to ear and fires the place. But he's never depressed to crying-point before-hand.

Fen

TOUCHING our recent note on the Reine Pédaque, pride of Toulouse, who had webbed feet like a goose, a naval reader asks why so many M.P.s are in the same unfortunate plight, apart from all that quacking.

As a former Westminster resident we can answer that one right off. They get it from living in what was once the Bulinga Fen, the great lonely swamp surrounding the Abbey of St. Peter which the monks drained and reclaimed some centuries ago. You can still sniff a feverish, dank, marshy air round and inside the House of Commons. When we lived in Westminster we often noticed the odd plunging movement of the inhabitants' feet, as if wading through bog, reeds, and slush. Victoria Street, once a footpath through the Fen, is now full of consulting engineers, thus preserving its original atmosphere of dreariness and depression. The site of the Victoria Palace, now full of gay little actresses, was a huge mere or frog-pool. Where the Army and Navy Stores now sells sensible hats to clergymen's wives there was a heronry full of gawky solemn birds with long thin legs. You can still tell a Westminster girl anywhere by her legs.

After draining and cultivating the Bulinga Fen the monks established a market and annual fair on it, which explains why on seeing some M.P.s' faces you instinctively reach for a hard wooden ball. But if you still expect a good cigar for top-score you are deceiving yourself abominably.

Jerk

FREEZINGLY non-committal but badly shaken, a chap in close touch tells us, was the condition of the Stuffed-Shirt Belt of Clubland after that boosting the ardent Fleet Street boys gave the Foreign Office departmental chief who arranged the Azores business with Portugal.

It's the Press photograph of this official holding his bicycle which gave the Old School the severest sock in the protocol, we gather. Trousers all right. Jacket all right. But *bicycle*. Trouserclips. Shopping-basket on the handle. Photographed like that. Just the sort of *ballon d'essai* which might lead to some fright-démarche like being caught in your underpants without an exquisitely-rolled umbrella. That's where



"My only regret is, I have only one wife to give my country"

the F.O.'s got to. And the whole damned atmosphere getting matey as well. Maybe the rot began with that British Ambassador who unbosomed himself to that Somerville Maugham chap one evening about a third-rate French actress who ruined his life. H.E. should have been more careful.

Contretemps

THESE mild periodical upsets over E.N.S.A.—the latest being that fuss over little actresses' new khaki uniforms we mentioned the other day—will remind students of military history that Napoleon knew much the same trouble.

Within two months of that famous decree reorganising the Comédie-Française, issued during the Russian campaign of 1812, Napoleon was informed by Marshal Berthier that the national theatre was in utter confusion.

"Why?" said Napoleon sharply.

"Well, for one thing," said Berthier, "you've reorganised things so thoroughly that every time the public turns up to see a show the actors are in the middle of rehearsing something else."

"I will not have these complaints!" roared Napoleon. "Have the actors blown from guns!"

"There aren't any complaints," said Berthier, picking his teeth. "Leastways," he added, "not from the public, who don't give a damn either way."

"Well, have the public blown from guns," said Napoleon petulantly.

You won't find this incident in Houssaye or Masson. We dug it out of *I Was Napoleon's Aunt Fanny*, by Toto La Follette, the ancestor of all those revelations about the private life of Hitler we know and dodge to-day.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"W—what time is it b—by your bomb?"



Man

Margaret Rawlings and Her Daughter, Jane

Actress Margaret Rawlings is in private life the wife of Mr. Robert Barlow. Her marriage took place in February 1942, and her baby daughter was born on July 16th this year. Margaret Rawlings has not been seen on the stage since she appeared as Mrs. Dearth in John Gielgud's production of *Dear Brutus* in 1941. Her chief interest, apart from her family, these days, is farming, and both she and her husband spend most of their time at their home in Buckinghamshire. Margaret Rawlings will long be remembered for her lovely performance as Katharine O'Shea in *Parnell*. She appeared in the part at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre in New York and later at the Gate Theatre, London. She had to have the play partially rewritten, however, before a licence could be obtained for general public performances, and it was not until November 1936 that the play was produced at the New

Hunting People

No. 3. Mrs. Reggie Farquhar, Field-Secretary of the British Red Cross, and Runs the Red Cross Convalescent Hospital at Brooksby.



Off duty, Mrs. Reggie Farquhar puts aside her uniform and takes her bull-terrier for a run in the garden of her own home



Cabbage Cultivation: by Nurses Pamela Salmon and Miss M. J. Smith

● Third on the list of hard-working hunting people visited by our photographer in Leicestershire is Mrs. Reggie Farquhar, Field-Secretary of the British Red Cross. She is now a British Red Cross Commandant in charge of the Red Cross convalescent hospital at Brooksby.



The Hall at Brooksby is a Comfortable Place to Sit About in



Unarmed Combat is Practised by the Patients

in Wartime

Secretary of the Quorn, Farms,
lescent Hospital at Brooksby Hall



n, Valerie Parsons and Some Patients

g people
is Mrs.
n. She
harge of
by Hall,

Lord and Lady Beatty's Leicestershire home. Mrs. Farquhar is a keen gardener, and besides running her own farm, has organised the food production in the grounds of Brooksby, where the patients and nurses have grown, amongst other things, 7 cwt. of onions on the front lawn



ed by Convalescent Patients at Brooksby Hall



Mrs. Farquhar, the Matron and Patients, with "Pugg" Beatty (bulldog)



Mrs. Farquhar takes three of the patients for an airing in the grounds. Behind them is the private chapel of Brooksby Hall



W/O. K. G. CAMPBELL
P.A.F.



F/Lt. Edward Hornby joined the R.A.F. in May 1940 as an intelligence officer in the P.R.U., and is still in the same job. Before the war he was director of a firm of Discount Brokers in the City, and his hobbies are horse-racing, lawn tennis and photography



F/O. Robert Sweeney, Jr., D.F.C., assisted in the formation of the original Eagle Squadron (71) and is now in a Coastal Command squadron. His D.F.C. was awarded for anti-submarine successes. He is an Oxford Blue and the winner of the 1937 British Amateur Golf Championship

Portraits of R.A.F. Pilots

By Olive Snell



F/Lt. Neil Robertson, who has been mentioned in dispatches, was a member of Lloyds before the war



W/C. S. L. RING D.F.C.

W/Cdr. S. L. Ring, D.F.C., is a Canadian. He was awarded the D.F.C. this year and is the leader of his Wing

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"Sultan After Sultan . . ."

EVERYONE to whom the "Unchanging East" long ago ceased to be any kind of a mystery must, unless his heart is made of Parian marble, experience a sympathetic heart-throb for every Viceroy that has ever been, or is yet to be, for he, who assumes the charge of the "brightest jewel in the Imperial Diadem" (the phrase is Lord Curzon's) has to be something much more than just a Vice-King-Emperor. He has to shed so much and acquire so much: he has, for instance, to forget that once he was a carefree fox-hunter; a Very Superior Person even at Eton and Oxford; a high-class cross-examiner before whom even the most expert perjurer quailed in craven fear; a Scottish Laird with a long tradition of haggis behind him; a jovial general, who has plucked the bubble reputation from the red maw of the cannon. H.E. has to become something quite other than he has ever been before, a cunningly-concocted compote of the gentleness of the dove and the craftiness of the serpent, encased withal cap-à-pie in a faulty faultlessness, an icy regularity, and a splendid nullity.

The Great Metamorphosis

To some, the transition is a mere flea-bite and the weight of the mantle of The Great Moghul just swansdown, for they were born Viceroys, grew up into the tradition, even as Lower Boys, and attained to the full stature of an Akbar by the time they became a member of Pop; or the equivalent dignity at any other Alma Mater at which the foundations of their greatness were laid. With others the Great Metamorphosis has not been so easy; it may even have been rather painful. To instance only one particular pang: the Official Grin. Try grinning, not just smirking or sniggering, even for ten minutes and see how it makes your face ache; then think of a poor Excellency, who has to keep it up for at least five years on end. Try depriving yourself of the luxury of roaring with laughter till the tears run down your nose, and indulging in that

pastime of which Mr. Vic Oliver has made a speciality. You may not be compelled entirely to abjure humour—I have known at least one Viceroy who did not, and had a very lively conception of high comedy—but it is wisest to restrict it severely to the undiluted official brand. There are many other things in which even the cautious and tactful Agag was a chartered libertine by comparison with the Viceroy—dress, deportment, speech, coiffure, cigars, cigarettes, champagne, and the guests (of both sexes) officially wished upon him and to whom he was expected to be a bear-leader and a Mrs. Grundy rolled into one. A pathway of eggshells and broken bottles, if ever there were one. So spare a sympathetic tear for all and every one of these Exalted Personages, wherever and whenever they may be.

Collateral Anxieties

It is quite improbable that the collateral liabilities of a Viceroy have altered perceptibly since the gay, carefree days of which I have so many happy memories, and I expect that Viceregal A.D.C.s are just as good-looking and full of sex appeal as they used to be, and hence, quite as great an anxiety to the Excellency whose lightest whim it is their job to anticipate. The perfect A.D.C. is born, like some, but not all, poets. He must be completely degaussed to start with, a magnet safely guarded from the Electric Mine; he must possess a perfect Asdic apparatus, capable of warning him of the approach of any and every kind of Destroyer, whether from the heavens above or from the waters below; he must be completely impervious to the perilous atmosphere created by whispering deodars, silver-plated by that mischievous creature, the Moon. The dangerous Alpen Glühen of the snows hard by Simla, that Venusberg of the Himalayas, must have no such outward and visible effect upon him as it has had, only too often, upon just ordinary persons like you and me and the next chap. Whilst being a past-master of badinage, the perfect A.D.C. must never permit it to get beyond



Portrait by Olive Snell

S/Ldr. D. J. Scott, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar

S/Ldr. Desmond James Scott, R.N.Z.A.F., comes from Hokatita, Westland, New Zealand. He has taken part in many sorties, and is a first-class leader, showing great skill and fine fighting qualities

bounds and break into the No Man's Land of flirting. He must be proof against even the best Creeping Barrage ever laid, and a mortar attack or a hand-grenade, no matter how beautiful the pink-tipped, or otherwise, pale hand that shielded it may be. It can be stated, as something in the way of corroborative testimony, that the mere arrival of the O.C. of the Advance Guard of the Viceregal Court, Captain March-Hare, has ere now been spoken of in bated breath by parched and sun-baked virgins of a City of the Plain. It has caused an attack strongly akin to pericarditis, so it need scarcely be stated how great is the need for knowing all about the P's and the Q's. I do not for one moment suggest that any A.D.C. has ever possessed all these estimable attributes; all that has been attempted has been to present a blue print of all that he ought to be. So again I say, let us shed a sympathetic tear and heave the apprehensive sigh at such a moment as the present one.

Inside Information

LET it should be thought from what is set out in the preceding paragraphs that the life of a Viceroy is one of unrelieved November fog, here is a record of a bright spot in the

(Concluded on page 116)



Col. J. L. Hathaway, Military Attache to the U.S. Legation in Dublin, and Miss Gretta Mahony saw Mr. J. J. Blake's Donatus win the big race, the Blake T.-Y.-O. Plate



John Edwin Nugent was enjoying his first race-meeting, with his mother, Lady Nugent. His father, Sir Hugh Nugent, of Ballinlough Castle, Co. Westmeath, trained at Lambourn before the war



Mrs. Dominick More O'Ferrall, well-known Irish hostess and mother of Mr. Roderic More O'Ferrall, the successful trainer, was talking to Sir Lauriston Arnott, whose place is Shearwater, Co. Dublin

The Last Meeting of the Season at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Pool, Dublin



D. R. Stuart

Scottish Public Schools Rugby Championship Winners

The Loretto School Rugby XV., seen above, won the Scottish Public Schools Championship last year, and hope to have an equal success in 1943. In front: A. M. C. Wotherspoon, A. D. A. Foolis. Sitting: I. A. Ross, P. C. G. Ballingall, G. C. Cairns (Captain), H. P. Hardy, B. Butters. Standing: G. S. Kidd, D. W. W. Bargman, E. S. Campbell, J. S. Lindsay, C. B. Holman, G. H. Horsley, G. C. Hardy, E. S. M. Paton



Royal Artillery Officers' Rugby Club, Malta

This picture of the club XV. was taken shortly before the final match in the 1943 Inter-Regimental Knock-Out Tournament. The club team won 13 of the 19 games they played during the season. Front row: Lts. Elliot, J. Stickland, J. A. Gale, M. Foggon. Middle row: Lt. H. P. Cohen, Major J. H. M. Stennett, Lt. J. G. Hamwell (Captain and Hon. Secretary), Capt. E. C. Baker, Lt. L. W. Gay. Back row: Bdr. T. Tolen, Gnr. Williams, Lts. Fenning, D. C. Bond, Capt. M. W. Scott, Lt. S. C. Akerman, Capt. G. G. Rose (Referee)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

surrounding gloom. An Excellency, when on tour of some of the Indian States, had a little talk with one of the less-enlightened Potentates, and this is a more-or-less verbatim transcription of the conversation: "I suppose, Maharajah Sahib," said His Excellency, "you have your little administrative troubles now and again, just as we do?" "Oah, yease," replied the Potentate, "my ministers are a peck of troubles! Before my face they eshmile and green like the Cheshire pole-cats, bari behind my backside they play the biggledy-piggledies just like yours!"

A Racing Enthusiast

A VALUED correspondent with whom I have had many friendly scraps on paper writes to me as follows about recent events: "I must confess that I was delighted when Nasrullah won the Champion Stakes in the way I suggested he would during our correspondence some two or three months ago. I know you will not agree, but over his proper distance, 1 to 1½ miles, I believe him to be a very good horse. I was disappointed when he failed in the Two Thousand, but then so did Straight Deal. I was surprised, as you know, that an animal with a dam like Mumtaz Begum got as near as he did in the Derby, and I was not at all surprised when he was nowhere in the Leger, 1¼-odd miles. I did, however, confidently expect him to win the Champion, and he would seem to have done so in convincing fashion. I shared your views about Ribbon in the Leger, although I greatly feared Straight Deal. I backed them both each way. Ribbon is indeed an unlucky filly. I suppose we ought to have remembered Herringbone, for she has been close in front of or behind Ribbon in her races this year, and Schiaparelli, whose sire is Schiavoni, brings in some of Lord Derby's best blood, Schiavoni being by Swynford out of Serenissima. Moreover, King Salmon was a very well-bred horse by Salmon Trout. However, you know all this, and to get back to my friend Nasrullah, I should have dearly liked to see him carry a substantial weight to victory in a peacetime Cambridgeshire."

I don't think my friend can have seen the race for the Champion Stakes. Kingsway, who ran second, was a beaten horse very shortly after the mile; Umidad is obviously tired of being made a whipping-boy. It therefore boils down to this: that Nasrullah only beat two dead horses. He has no courage. He had no need of it in the Champion Stakes. The distance of that race ought to be made a real test.



Echoes of the Racing Season: by "The Tout"

Bright Lady won the Ascot Cesarewitch for Sidney McGregor, who is part owner of her sire, April the Fifth, winner of the 1932 Derby in the colours of Tom Walls. S/Ldr. Humphrey Foster was a leading apprentice attached to Digby's stable before the war. Since then he has earned more laurels in the skies, but found time recently to pay a visit to the scenes of his former successes on the Heath. Sir William Cooke owns a high-class colt in Happy Landing, so narrowly defeated by Orestes in the two-year-old classic, the Middle Park Stakes. Lt.-Col. P. G. Robinson trains with Todd, and owns a useful staying four-year-old in Smithereens, who won a two-mile race at Ascot back in the summer, and if all goes well should be one to note next year in similar events. Harry Wragg's skill and judgment in riding a waiting race has earned him the appropriate nickname—"the head waiter"



Monocles—and After

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Chief Petty-Officer Electrical Artificer Philip Morter has made Naval History. As an instrument-maker in civil life he had worn an eyeglass for four years, and did not mean to give it up when he volunteered for the Navy. A rating with a monocle was a phenomenon without precedent, and as King's Regulations contained no ban, something had to be done about it. Admiralty Fleet Orders duly obliged with a ruling superbly entitled "Monocular Vision." This ordained that a rating could choose a monocle in preference to spectacles, subject to the efficient discharge of his duties. What next? Our artist foresees further developments, and sends us this picture of one A.B., one stoker and an elegant O.S. fallen in on the quarter-deck of a battleship with a request to the Commander that, monocles being permitted, why not white spats, brollies and buttonholes? The intermediary in cases of "requests" to the Commander is the Master-at-Arms, the Senior Chief Petty-Officer

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Elizabethan

MILTON WALDMAN'S biography of *Sir Walter Raleigh*, first published sixteen years ago in the Golden Hind series, has been republished by Messrs. Collins (at 12s. 6d.) at a particularly appropriate time.

For one thing, the Elizabethans are much in our minds these days: they seem nearer to us than the secure Victorians. Their war links up with ours as the first of a series through which England has learned to realise herself. The sixteenth-century war with Spain, defiant resistance of a menacing Power, was perhaps the first in our history into which the spirit of England entered fully. Through the land, it was more than a rumour, it was a vital issue. Up to that time, wars had had a different colour: they were military adventures, affairs between king and king, the mechanism of armies was still feudal, sea-fighting was glorified piracy. For the masses at home, the people behind the armies, the struggles embodied no ideas.

The English war with Spain was, it is true, outwardly one more struggle for wealth and power—with the new-found Americas and the islands as golden prizes. And here, again, was the element of hostility between two monarchs—two complex, furious natures. But now the issue was larger; world-domination had, as a possibility, for the first time appeared. And underlying, transfusing this, was religion—the whole question of man's conception of life. The Renaissance had, through the Reformation, given birth in England to modern consciousness. Young Protestant England, in which democratic feeling was first stirring, and old Catholic, grandee-ruled Spain, stood for two irreconcilable ideas.

This time-background, this frame of a particular feeling, would alone make *Sir Walter Raleigh* a book to seek out to-day. But also we have, I think, a renewed interest in the interior character of the man of action. In these days of hero-worship, myths form quickly. Even while a hero is still living, he may tend to become more than half-unreal. And over the great man of some centuries back, accretions of differing sentiment and of contradictory legend have not only formed but hardened. The same figures have been, by alternate generations, either idealised or debunked. Sir Walter Raleigh, as his biographer points out, is an instance of this. His reputation has had violent ups and downs—which, as Mr. Waldman shows, is ironical, since Raleigh himself was concerned deeply about what posterity was to think of him. On the image that he was to leave behind him he worked with the exalted patience of an artist. He was content to die, and to die in public with a superb calm, certain that he would live in men's memories, equally certain he would be justly seen.

Enigma

For the lazy-minded, he is a stock figure—there is always the schoolroom story about the cloak and

the Queen. He is also too often obscured by romantic trappings—the last of Elizabeth's paladins, whose fate was enough, in itself, to make despicable England's first Stuart king. One of Mr. Waldman's objects, in this book, has been to clear away the romantic trappings, and to steer a fair course, in his estimate of Sir Walter, between overpraise on the one hand, calumny on the other. He wants to get past the legend and reach the man.

His *Sir Walter Raleigh* is, therefore, chiefly a character study. By this I do not mean that the events in Raleigh's life are removed from their order or placed in a fancy perspective. The story itself is there, and is well and directly told; accounts of intrigues and voyages, of difficult Ireland (grave, as the author says, of so many promising English reputations) and fabulous Guiana, of the fighting decks off Cadiz and that last, dark dash down the Thames, of the glittering Court and the lonely cell—these rivet one's interest, from page to page. But the stress, throughout, is on the man within. Every human personality is, to an extent, mysterious; Mr. Waldman directs one's attention to, rather than tries to solve, the mystery of the man who was Walter Raleigh.

Biographers [says Mr. Waldman] have endeavoured for nearly three centuries to reconcile conflicting aspects of Raleigh's life and character, to explain how one man could be both a patriot and a plotter, a benefactor of the race and a selfish egoist, a man who was profoundly moved by the contemplation of the divine hand in human affairs and at the same time capable of the most time-serving practices and atheistic speculations. But none of these seem impossible to reconcile, granting his versatility and



Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Roberts

Mr. Frank Roberts is head of the Foreign Office Central Department. With Sir Ronald Campbell, the British Ambassador to Lisbon, he shared in the negotiations with the Portuguese Government for air and sea bases in the Azores which were recently concluded so satisfactorily. The above photograph of Mr. Roberts with his wife was taken in their London flat

curiosity, for they are mere inconsistencies between the inner thought and the outer act which are commonplace amongst human beings—what is far more difficult is that he was at heart simultaneously and during most of his life both a Puritan and a Pagan. . . . There is no doubt that a generation later, had the unpredictable factor of self-interest not swayed him one way or the other, he would have been found among the leaders of the Puritan rebellion—and it is significant that he was read and regarded with reverence by Hampden, Milton and Cromwell.

But equally strong in him was the Pagan sense, if not of the minute, then "of the minute-made eternity."

In an age in which democratic feeling was to be felt stirring, Raleigh was the reverse of a democrat—fastidious, he disliked Demos and all its ways. He was to become popular only as a martyr. Among his equals, he was by choice a man without intimates, though he showed an affectionate loyalty to his family. Like so many famous Elizabethans, he came of Devonshire squire stock: Sir Humphrey Gilbert was his stepbrother, Sir Richard Grenville his cousin, Sir Francis Drake a connection through his father's first marriage. This man who did not care to make friends could not, apparently, fail to make enemies; along with his courtly subtlety went, at times, disregard for others, or startling lapses of tact. With Essex, who had succeeded him in the Queen's favour, his relations were uncertain and seldom good; he was thought to have been instrumental in Essex's fall. With Robert Cecil, so close to the Queen's ear, he was at least at some pains to be diplomatic.

Success, with him, came too early and was bitterly

(Concluded on page 120)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I SHOULD not care to be as unloved as

Crewe Station, for nobody I have met yet has ever loved Crewe. Nevertheless, and speaking personally, there are other places where man has shown his inhumanity to man—including New Street Station, Birmingham. In any case, there are bores in bricks and mortar just as there are bores in flesh and blood. And, like the human bores, one hour spent at Crewe Station is as eternity with a bromide. Nevertheless, even Crewe can unexpectedly spring upon one a pleasant surprise—like the dreariest among our relations.

It sprang a surprise upon me the other day when Fate, leaving me there with three hours before I could catch my next train-connection, seemed to say, "Now test the inner-richness of your soul!" I found, for example, in a local hotel as good a cup of coffee as I have tasted since Hitler invaded Poland and coffee degenerated into a flavour of tobacco-ash and milk powder. Also, it afforded me an example of one of the best ice-breaking introductions which I have ever encountered in my life. And everybody knows how tedious it is in most cases when strangers speak with one another—each leaving wide open a loophole of escape in case they should have spoken to the wrong kind. The weather, the war news and Winston—how often have we thrashed out these subjects of small-talk until they have resembled catching at a conversational cobweb rather than at a straw?

In this case, the ice was broken by a Flight-Sergeant—if, indeed, there was

By Richard King

any ice to break. From the farther end of the room he came to share my sofa. "I'd like to talk to you," he explained. "You don't mind if I'm tight?" I didn't mind in the least, so long as before we separated he was not vowing Eternal Friendship without enquiring for my name or address. "Of course I don't mind," I told him. "I cannot imagine a better state to be in—if one would see the 'better side' of Crewe." Whereupon he plunged headlong into the more intimate details of his married life. How his wife had gone off with another man, and how he would have sworn never to have gone off with another woman—only the King's Proctor had found out that he had already done so. After which, there seemed to be nothing more to add—except to kill off the King's Proctor outright and to agree that there are far more circumstances which merit divorce than plain-sailing adultery. Which somehow led us on to planning for the New World, and so to the reiterated statement by my companion that he was an "idealist." I wish, incidentally, he had said "reformer"—because that would have been so much easier.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that Crewe for me has never been such easy company. I wish we could get to know all talkative strangers so quickly. It would be such a relief to begin: "I've just buried my mother-in-law—thank God!" or "I've got a floating kidney—how's yours?" As it is, we have to dance a kind of conversational minuet—thanking heaven when it's over. Never a chance whatsoever to romp around.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Tillard — Chandler

Patrick Stephen (Bob) Tillard, son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Tillard, of Summerhill, Shawford, Hants., married Christine Chandler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Chandler, of The Old Cottage, Liphook, Hants., at St. Peter's, Petersfield



Thompson — Whitten

The marriage took place at Caxton Hall Register Office of Surg. Lt. J. D. Thompson, R.N.V.R., and Miss Frankie Whitten, V.A.D. The bridegroom was before the war house surgeon at the May Fair Hotel, London



Carswell — Shirley

Major Malcolm Carswell, R.A., son of the late M. S. Carswell and Mrs. Sweeney, of Maidenhead and Croydon, married Suzanne Shirley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Shirley, of Hastings and Windermere, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Tuzo — Salter

Major Harry Crawford Tuzo, R.A., son of the late Capt. J. A. Tuzo and Mrs. Tuzo, of Yateley, Hants., married Monica Patience Salter, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. E. Salter, of Point House, Attleborough, Norfolk, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Talbot — Harvey

Major Valentine D. L. Talbot, The Hampshire Regiment, son of the late Major-Gen. H. L. Talbot and Mrs. D. E. Tichborne, married Evelyn Ashby Harvey, elder daughter of the late F. N. Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, of Hartlels, Hook, Hants., at St. John's, Hook



Spicer — Palmer

Major James Lloyd Spicer, only son of Mr. J. L. Spicer, of 20, Orchard Road, Bromley, and Patricia Greville Palmer, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Stuart Palmer, of The Elms, Hitchin Road, Letchworth, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Callow — Lanigan-O'Keeffe

Capt. Kenneth H. Callow, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Callow, of Beckenham, Kent, married Maureen Sylvia Lanigan-O'Keeffe, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. F. S. Lanigan-O'Keeffe, of Rickmansworth, Herts., at St. James's, Spanish Place



Fountaine — Farrer

Wilfred George Fountaine, Merchant Navy, son of the late Capt. W. H. Fountaine and Mrs. Fountaine, of San Remo Towers, Boscombe, married Georgina Farrer, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. R. B. Farrer, of Cecil House, Wimbledon, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Dale — Elliott-Lockhart

F/Lt. Philip John Dale, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dale, of 11, Belvedere Drive, Wimbledon, married Susan Elliott-Lockhart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott-Lockhart, of 33, Stratford Rd., W., at Brompton Oratory

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 105)

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett and Steve Donoghue broke their appalling run of luck when Viti won. It is hard to have horses running into form just as the season ends, but better than not at all. Lady Petre and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Byass were together and going thoroughly into the form. Lady Petre nowadays works very hard indeed on her husband's farm down in Essex and is rapidly becoming an expert on dairy farming. It was her last outing before settling down to a winter's toil. Her son, the Hon. John Petre, is now over a year old.

Everyone was pleased to see Mrs. Murray-Smith, who had not been racing since the war. As Miss Ulrica Thynne, she used to ride brilliantly in point-to-points.

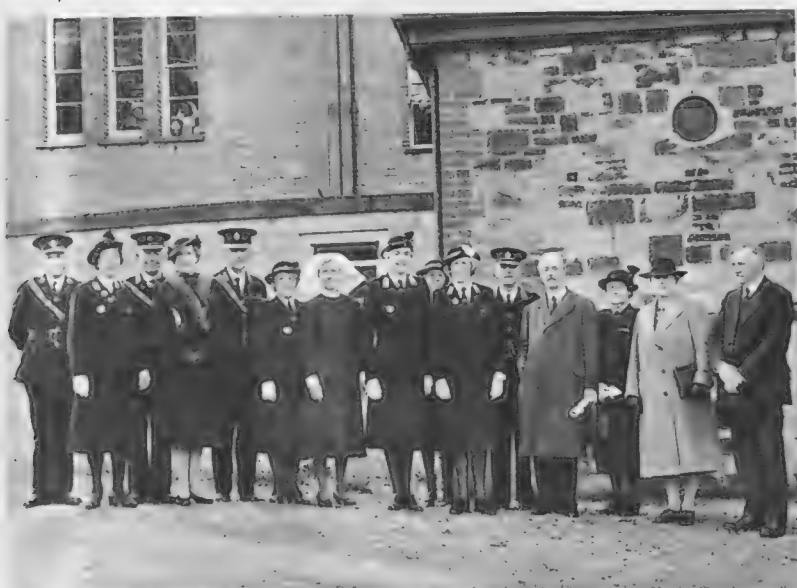
Dorothy Dickson, just back from the Middle East, where she spent three months touring the camps with Leslie Henson, Beatrice Lillie, Vivien Leigh and others, was also enjoying her first day's racing for a long time. She once owned a racehorse which won at Salisbury, trained and ridden by the brothers John and Michael Beary, so her record as an owner is 100 per cent. successful. John Beary's present charge, Portamara, won his third race this season in a grand finish by a short head. His owner, Mr. David Morris, was obviously delighted.

Among the Spectators

MR. FRANKIE MORE O'FERRALL, who was broadcasting the Championship Cup, which must have been a tricky job when the plight of the luckless favourite, Sugar Palm, became evident, was being much congratulated by many of his guests at the party he and his brother, Capt. Rory More O'Ferrall, gave recently, certainly one of the best private parties since the war. Lord and Lady Sefton, who have now moved up to Croxteth Park, near Liverpool, were together. (Lady Sefton is going to continue her munition work.)

Others seen were Colonel Rowley Bristowe, to whose skill as a surgeon so many of the active members of the racing-hunting world owe so much, and who is doing great work in this war; the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, she in scarlet; the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, talking to Capt. Jack Clayton; Sir William Cooke, watching his Coventry Stakes and Middle Park Stakes conqueror; the Hon. Dorothy Paget in the paddock, no doubt working on plans for the Orestes—Happy Landing duel for next year's Derby; Lady Sykes and Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson, in ecstasy over The Towkay's narrow win; Major Gerald Deane, representing the hatless brigade; Commandos Lord Lovat and Mr. Sandy Clarke; Capt. John Goldsmith, D.S.O., Croix de Guerre and Bar; Lord and Lady Manton; Lady Jean Christie; Lady Cunliffe-Owen, very smart in hunting pink with a black velvet collar; Miss Leila Brabazon, over from Ireland to join the American Ambulance (Great Britain); Mr. Paddy McCann, full of good cheer; and Brig-Gen. "Kid" Kennedy, whose sound advice is much sought by those who like to back winners.

It was sad to think that it was the end of the season, with all the hopes and thrills behind instead of ahead of us. However, there's a big time ahead for racing, and next year, with a little luck, we may be having a bigger and better season than ever before.



Alan Dale, Bodmin

Cornish Tour of St. John Units by Lady Dunbar-Nasmith

Lady Dunbar-Nasmith deputised for Lady Louis Mounibatten, the Lady Superintendent-in-Chief, in touring units of the St. John Ambulance Brigade throughout Cornwall. This group was taken at an Emergency Hospital. It shows Mr. T. C. Tressider, Mrs. Blackwood, Mr. S. M. Landrey, Mrs. E. Hare, Lt.-Col. W. Blackwood, Miss H. Crylis, Miss Russell (the Matron), Lady Dunbar-Nasmith, Miss Warren, Nancy Lady Vivian, Mr. W. W. Johnston, Viscount Clifden, Mrs. E. Oakley, Mrs. F. Richards, Mr. F. Richards

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

paid for. The necessity of standing well at Court probably damaged the man that he could have been. The role of Queen's favourite was an exacting one—then, his one "act of passion," culminating in his marriage, cast him far out of the sunshine of Gloriana's smile. He remained loyal to the wife who had cost him dear. There is something shocking about the Elizabethan Court, for all its grace and its intellect, all its adult atmosphere—the idea of a pack of distinguished men kept on strings by a woman's vanity, however great the woman.

Mr. Waldman's study of Raleigh's writings, of the delicate, rather cold poetry and the magnificent prose, is good—both as criticism and as pursuit of character. Good-looking, beautifully dressed, profoundly attached to places rather than people, outwardly nonchalant, inwardly melancholic, courageous in adventure and before enemies—there is something about Walter Raleigh, as shown here, that draws the imagination and sometimes touches the heart. Shorn, by Mr. Waldman's analysis, of the false-romantic, he remains a romantic figure—at least, to me.

Conscript Sergeant

IN *The Track*, by Arturo Barea (Faber and Faber; 10s. 6d.), Spain—the Spain, this time, of the early 1920's—again appears. This autobiographical novel is the sequel to *The Forge*, which, published not long ago, was recognised as one of the most remarkable achievements of contemporary Spanish literature. *The Forge* dealt with Barea's village childhood, with family life, with a Madrid adolescence. In *The Track* we have Army service in Spanish Morocco, with a relentless account of colonial warfare seen through the eyes of a conscript N.C.O.

The narrator was, in his companions' eyes, an innocent: he was staggered by the cynicism of the officers, the squalor and brutality of conditions, the corruption of Army contractors. One could not be given, accordingly, a more damning picture of a campaign. Even before the incidents of the Rif fighting, one's gorge rises. Yet, so great is the fascination of the writing—its directness and sensuousness, its energy—that one reads on. This writer loves life, even life deformed by injustice and cruelty, and salutes the potential good in man. He uses words at once sparingly and masterfully, interleaving with something that lies near poetry the succession of garish or ghastly scenes. And every character that he touches lives.

After a nightmarish illness comes two months' leave, in Spain; then, when the term of Army service is ended, return again. The muffling hypocrisy of Spanish small-town life, glimpsed on a visit to a successful brother, grates on the still sick young man's nerves. Then comes Madrid, the struggle for life there, the talk in the cafés; in the capital also, Barea senses corruption and insecurity, he lives among the victims of a bad order. His marriage proves unsatisfactory, for reasons shown—Latin conventions, carried to an extreme here, make young people of opposite sexes grow up strangers to one another, incapable of companionship when they marry.

Reading *The Track*, one sees at work the forces that make revolutionaries out of men of goodwill. . . . The emergence, during these years, of General Franco (though he only appears reflected in conversations) is interestingly traced.

"Cousins" in Possession

"REMEMBER, the Germans are your cousins!" This remark appears on official notices, and is addressed by Germans, reprovingly, to Britishers in the London streets, at intervals throughout an excellent warning thriller, *When Adolf Came* (Jarrolds; 8s. 6d.). Its author, Martin Hawkin, had (I take it) in mind when choosing his title, Saki's *When William Came*. This book is an up-to-date development of the same theme—conquering Germans in possession of England.

This, you may say, is unthinkable. All the same, it does no one harm to think. Mr. Hawkin has done so—and the result has been a strikingly well-reasoned and (if you bring yourself to accept the major premises) disturbingly likely story. That is to say, people are behaving much as, given their different natures, they would behave, and suffering much as they would suffer. The suffering is not physical, the Germans in London (as in real-life Paris) are being very "correct," they are doing all they can to woo and flatter the English, they preserve (though as ghastly and hollow shells) all institutions, from Parliament to the opera. The Parliament, needless to say, is a quising one, with the detestable "Honest" Tom Bray as Prime Minister. The collaborationists are either wrong-minded, high-up people, good-timers, or bullies and crooks cashing-in on the new regime.

All the action, apart from one opening chapter, takes place inside one day. The principal British characters are all "resistance" people, carrying on dangerous underground work below the surface of apparently normal lives. One is allowed to see the dawn of their triumph. . . . *When Adolf Came* is a book that you should not miss.

Ballet

"ROBERT HELPMANN," by Caryl Brahms, illustrated by Russell Sedgewick, is a study of the now-famous leading male dancer of the Sadler's Wells Ballet—both as dancer and as choreographer. His three ballets—*Comus*, *Hamlet*, *The Birds*—are discussed, in relation to other work in this field. Caryl Brahms's written treatment of the subject is a trifle rambling and discontinuous. The Russell Sedgewick photographs are, however, quite beautiful: the lighting, the plastic qualities of the ballet, have been triumphantly captured here.



It is probable that the ceremonial drinking of healths is derived from the Greco-Roman custom of pouring libations to the gods. A more sophisticated age introduced the drinking to living personages. But it must not be supposed that in classical days it was the gods alone who enjoyed themselves. It was Horace who wrote:—

*"Hush friends, O cease
Your impious clamour; and for peace
Keep elbows resting still."*

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Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes, as supplies are limited owing to the necessary restriction of all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

A Page for Women

Nothing is more useful than the blouse and the skirt of to-day. The model portrayed below consists of a woolly check blouse with plain skirt. The sleeves are inset and the collar adjustable. Liberty



It is a woolly tweed which makes the dress and short coat on the right. The former is available in a variety of colour schemes, including unripe cherry and white, while the coat is in a plain shade of a non-committal character, which harmonises with many colour schemes. Woollands



by M. E. Brooke.

The tailored suit is well to the fore this season: as a matter of fact, it is the backbone of every wardrobe, and is of a soft, checked tweed. The arrangement of the pleats must be studied with care, and so must the lapels and sleeves. Goringe

ECONOMIES IN WARTIME



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A FARMER went to visit a friend, having carefully provided himself with a stable lantern to light his homeward way. An exceedingly merry evening was spent.

The next day he received a message from his friend. "This morning I found your lantern standing on my window-sill. Please collect it and send back my parrot and cage."

"PETERBOROUGH" in the *Daily Telegraph* tells the following: Two Belgian workmen travelling in a train near Antwerp were arguing in undertones and one of them said aloud: "I'm absolutely fed up, I would rather work twelve hours a day for the Germans than two for my own people."

A German officer sitting near said: "Perhaps you would say that again—on the radio."

When the Belgian repeated his words before the microphone, the announcer was surprised and asked quickly: "And what is your trade?"

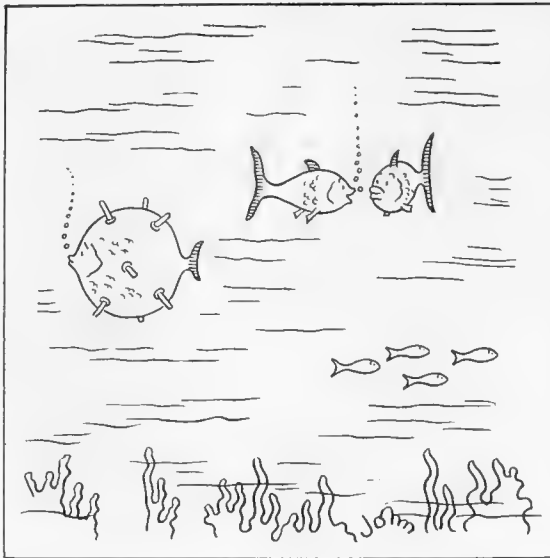
"Grave-digger."

DURING the Battle of the Solomons, a Jap shell hit an American battleship and sent a seaman skidding down the deck. He got up rubbing his nether parts, shook his fist and yelled: "You blank-blanks! Them was my clean pants!"

SIR JAMES BARRIE'S favourite story was about the professor of biology who explained to his class the spawning of fish. "So you see," he concluded, "the female fish deposits her eggs, the male fish comes along and fertilises them, and later the little fish are hatched."

One of the girls held up her hand. "You mean, Professor, that the father and mother fish—that they—that before that nothing happens?"

"Nothing," said the professor. "Which doubtless explains the expression, 'Poor fish'."



"His mother was frightened by a mine"

AFTER the parliamentary candidate's first meeting two of his supporters were discussing the impression he had made.

"There's one point," said one doubtfully. "Do you think he put enough fire into his speech?"

"Oh, yes," replied the other. "The trouble was that he didn't put enough of his speech into the fire."

IT was the raw recruit's first turn of sentry duty. So his voice was rather shaky as he exclaimed:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Out of the darkness came the startling reply: "Foe!"

"Have a heart, chum," the sentry protested. "I haven't had time to learn the answer to that one yet!"

A BUSINESS man visiting Washington met a young lady and took her to dinner and a night club. Late in the evening he put his arm round her and whispered in her ear.

"No!" she screamed. "Positively no!" and she slapped his face. He fainted.

When he revived, she asked: "Was that slap really such a hard one?"

"Not at all," replied the business man. "I fainted because after all these months, that's the first definite answer I've received in Washington."

THE tax assessor's office had to decide on which side of the United States-Canada border an old lady's newly purchased house lay. The surveyors finally announced that it was just inside the United States border.

The old lady smiled in relief.

"I'm so glad to know that," she said. "I've heard that winters in Canada are terribly severe."

TWO music-hall artistes sought employment in one of London's leading theatres.

The manager inquired the length of their act. The pair hadn't had an act for a month or Sundays, and didn't know just what to say, but being resourceful, replied: "Twenty-five minutes."

"Twenty-five minutes!" exclaimed the manager. "Why, my dear fellows, ours is a long bill. I can't give you twenty-five minutes. I suggest that you go on for eight minutes."

The performers stared at him aghast.

"Eight minutes!" they screamed. "Why, we booked for seven minutes!"

THEY had not been married long, but even so were indulging in their first quarrel.

"Have you forgotten," said the young husband sadly, "that you promised to 'obey' when we were married?"

"No," retorted his wife, coldly. "But there's time enough for that when I see some of the worldly goods with which you promised to endow me."

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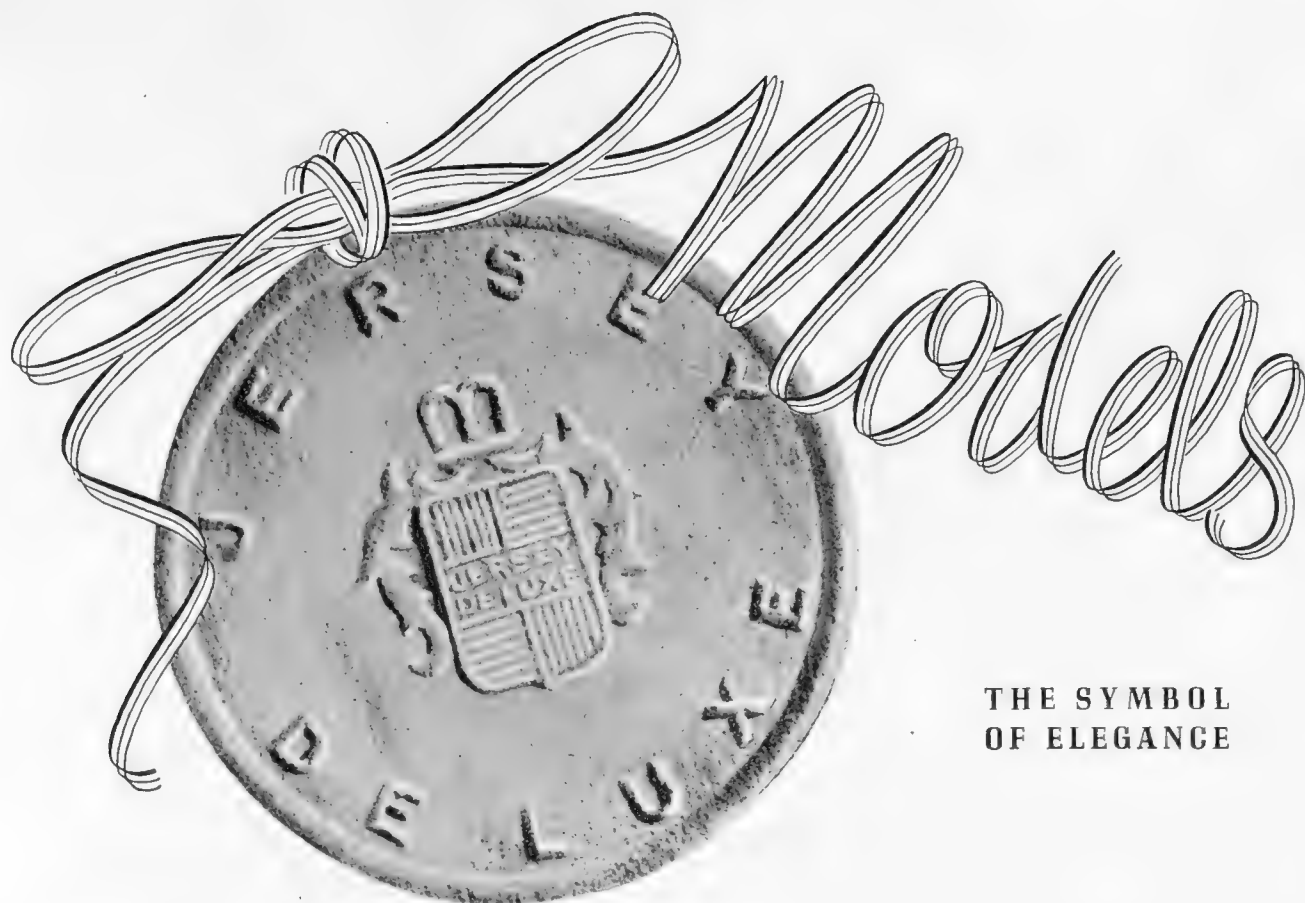
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Freedom of the Air

IT is now generally accepted that the war is being fought to make the world safe for Mr. Herbert Morrison and unlimited State control. Only in aviation are opposing views given authority. Workers in other fields seem afraid to query the maxims of Morrison. Aviation, however, has its spokesman in no less a person than the President of the United States. President Roosevelt voiced the hopes of most of those who have been in aviation for any length of time when he said that, where air routes could be flown at a profit, he thought they should be in the hands of private companies and not of the Government. There is no doubt in my mind that Government control could kill, or mutilate, air carriage as it has killed or mutilated so many other things.

Government control is usually advocated on the grounds that it makes the weak safe at the expense of the strong; but it certainly makes both miserable. In fact, its characteristic is that it multiplies misery by two. It is better to be the slave of a tyrant than of a Government department. I would rather have Hillman's airways than all the BOA's in the book. And those who leap to the conclusion that uncontrolled jobs of the lower kind are necessarily soul- and body-destroying should recall that remarkable book: *Down and Out in London and Paris*. The author showed from his personal experiences that picking up a bare existence in Paris as a dish-washer was still a real, interesting and adventurous life, though there was no sort of State or other protection, and starvation was always pretty near. Whereas in Britain the state-aided poor are made wretched by being State controlled and kept within a State devised discipline.

Air Failures

THE lesson for aviation is that it is better to have a few independent private companies trying and failing, and a few trying and succeeding than to have a State company bolstered up by the taxpayer and never either failing or succeeding. State control does just what

the cage does to a bird. It keeps it safe and ensures that it is regularly fed with appropriate food. It protects it from its enemies and ensures its water supplies and sewage disposal. The bird in the cage has security and is barren. Perhaps birds—if they could choose—would choose the cage in preference to the freedom of the air as man is preparing to do. But if so, they would soon die out.

Aviation will live only while it fights for life. Put it in a cage of State control and it will be secure and sterile. This is the essence of the matter, and it is a thing which it is hard to express without offending those who set themselves up as the saviours of humanity. They cast scorn upon any one who admits that efficiency arises from conflict, or that any kind of conflict is necessary to the continuance of the human race. They visualise a life of peace, perfect peace, of safety, of free services, of gas and sewage for all regardless of whether they pay for them or not. It is extremely difficult to cast cold water upon these pleasing projects, and all I can do here is to quote Chaucer, who has been repeated in different languages ever since he said (if I remember it correctly, for I've lost the book): "Eek white by black, eek shame by worthiness, each set by other, more for other seemeth." Aviation must have its failures if it is to have its successes. Put it in a State refrigerator and although it may keep good it will not get better and will certainly never grow.

H. T. Vane

THOSE who followed the Schneider Trophy races are never likely to forget that remarkable character, H. T. Vane, who died suddenly a short time ago. He was the managing director of D. Napier and Sons when the Napier engines were being used in the races, and he was always present at the contests and during the practice periods, and he made many close friends. Few



Swabe

W/Cdr. J. C. M. Gibb, A.F.C.

W/Cdr. Gibb is the commander of a Specialistic Pilot Training Unit for Staff Pilot Instructors. It is the only unit of its kind in the R.A.F. W/Cdr. Gibb took the first R.A.F. contingent out to South Africa when the Empire Air Training Scheme started in 1940

people can have seen an engine rise to such heights of fame as he did, or do so much in the way of progress in a little time. I myself had the opportunity of flying one of the early Napier Lions at Martlesham. It was my first introduction to an engine of this size and power, and I was greatly impressed by it, and from that time ever since I have always watched Napier progress with interest. But undoubtedly the thing that made one think the company more than any other was the pleasant personality of H. T. Vane.

Aerocultural

IT is good to see that Royal Air Force stations are being encouraged to make the best use possible of the ground at their disposal for growing things. The Royal Air Force Horticultural Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, was useful in pointing out what had already been done and what could be done in the future.

Stations change character as their commanding officer changes. I have seen stations which looked like a prison set in a waste of blasted heath turn into a delightful centre amidst growing crops and vegetables, and with well-decorated and pleasing quarters simply as a result of a change in commanding officer. Growing things is one of the means not only of doing a useful job for the country, but it is also a means of enlivening and adding interest to Royal Air Force stations. It must be remembered that unless there is some kind of work like this to be done outside the ordinary duty there must always be a grave risk that stations will become progressively more prison-like. It was just the same in France in 1914-18, where some squadrons were content to live in tumbledown huts in wretched conditions on the French aerodromes, whereas other squadrons stimulated by sensible-minded C.O.s set to and turned their quarters into decent habitations.



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"They certainly step up production," said Mr. Brown.
"And my brothers and sisters are in the war effort as well."

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"Well, you're doing a very sound job if I may say so," chuckled Mr. Brown, as he went off to take his call.

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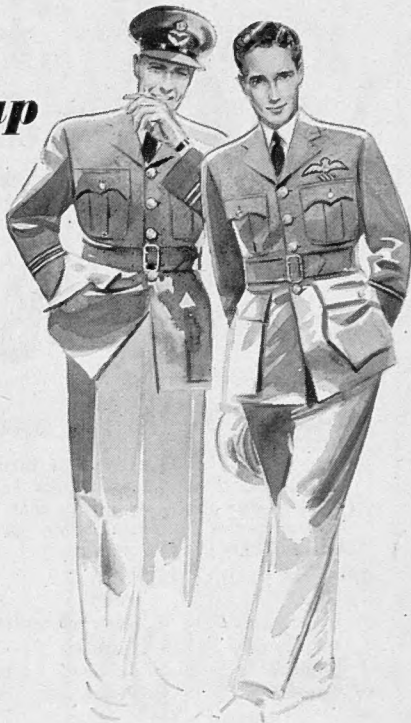
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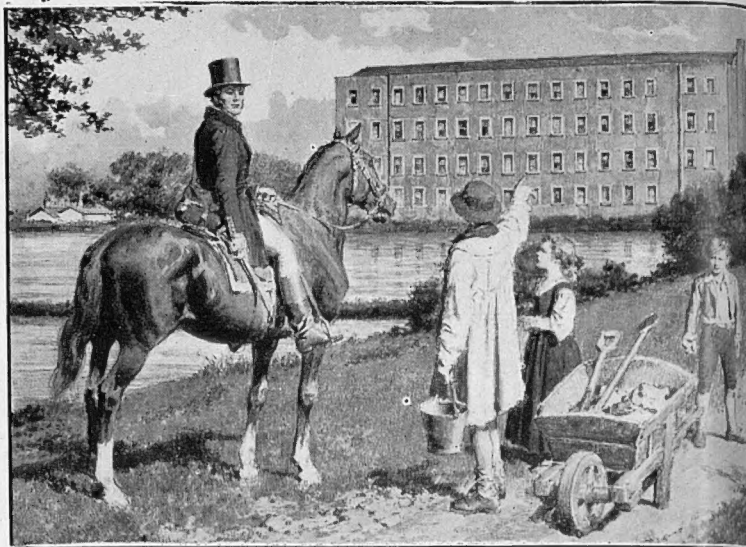
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9 "FIBRO"—THE NEW TEXTILE MATERIAL

At Holywell in North Wales, until shortly before the war, this building stood as a monument to one of the earliest cotton mills outside the "cotton shire". It was originally operated by a partner of the famous Arkwright, one John Smalley. By a coincidence, the vast new Courtaulds mill at Greenfield is but a stone's-throw away.

At Greenfield, Courtaulds are producing "FIBRO", a new raw material of rayon, for the spinning industry, which makes rayon staple available to all textile spinners. Thus, within the space of two generations, Courtaulds have been privileged to help in the establishment of a new and virile textile industry and to initiate develop-

ments of great practical benefit to old-established textile industries.

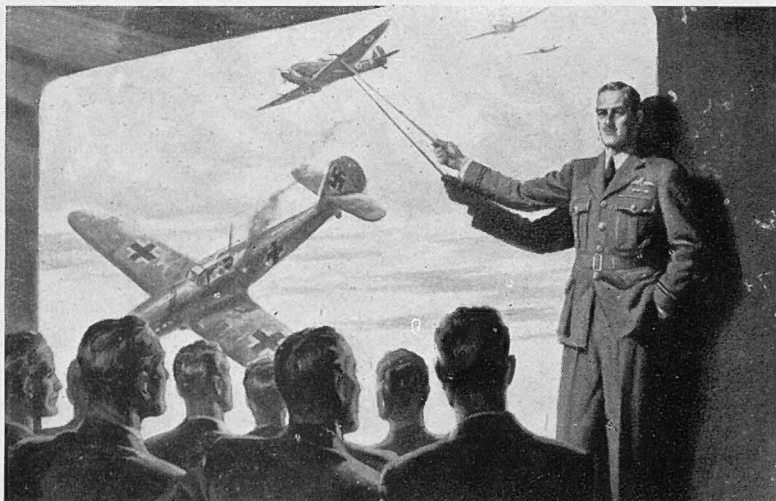
Research and experiment continue to reveal new uses for "FIBRO"; indeed, there seems to be no end to its astonishing versatility. It blends easily with cotton, wool and other fibres to achieve the most fascinating designs and finishes.

In common with Courtaulds standard rayon, "FIBRO" is now "on active service", but with the return of peace the scope of both materials will be considerably extended. They will reappear together with other Courtaulds products, and will have an important rôle to play in raising the general standard of living.

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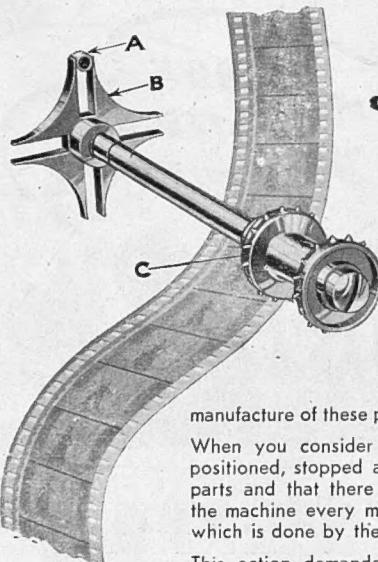
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hundreds of air crew cadets taking in the lecturer's every word. Soon many of these lads will be flying their own fighters. The more fully they are trained now the better will be their chances then—in the real thing. Cinematography in the air plays a big part in training them. 'Kodak' film helps Cinematography to do the job. When next you have to wait for a spool, remember it is because 'Kodak' film is on such vital work as this—training the men who will bring peace (and peace-time snaps) back to reality.



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This action demands a starting and stopping mechanism (A & B) to move the film forward one picture, and at the same time to hold that picture in exactly the right position whilst the "still" is projected to the screen. Since each picture is magnified from about the size of a postage stamp to the size of the picture you see on the screen, it will be fairly obvious that the degree of accuracy to which these parts are made must be extremely fine.

And this accuracy must be maintained, for in a normal working year the heart of a Kershaw made projector will start and stop the film 270,000,000 times!



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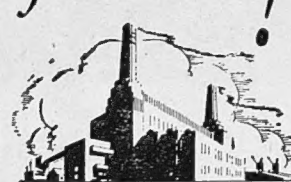
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